Thou should'st have been, and shielded him From this earth-vexing smart.

*MOTH** Lucina lent not me her aid, But took me in my throes ; That from me was Posthtamus ript[4], Came crying 'mongst his foes, A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry. Moulded the stuff so fair, That he deserv'd the praise o' the world, As great Sicilius* heir.

I *BRO.* When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he That could stand up his parallel; Or fruitful object be In eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his dignity ?

MOTH. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd[5], To be exil'd, and thrown From Leonati' seat, and cast From her his dearest one[5] Sweet Imogen ?

ibweet Imogen r

Sicj. Why did you suffer lachimo, Slight thing of Italy,

4 That from me was Posthumus ript,] Perhaps we should read:
" That from -*my womb* Posthumus ript, ᶜᶜ Came crying 'mongst his foes." JOHNSON. This circumstance is met with in The Devil's Charter, 1607. The play of Cymbeline did not appear in print till 1623 : " What would'st thou run again into my womb ? " If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus** " And ript out of my sides," &c. STEEVENS.

5 With .MARRIAGE wherefore was he MOCK*D,] The same phrase occurs in Measure for Measure:
" I hope you will not *mock* me with a *husband"*